

DECEMBER

# Jacksonville Republican.

"The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance."

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EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
**J. F. GRANT.**

At \$2 50 in advance, or \$3 00 at the end of the year. No subscription received for less than one year, unless paid in advance; and no subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor. A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish to discontinue, will be considered an engagement for the next.

#### Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements of 12 lines or less, \$1 00 for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent. Over 12 lines counted as two squares, over 24 as three, &c. Regular insertions charged one dollar per square for each insertion.

All personal advertisements and communications charged double the foregoing rates. Job work and advertising must be paid for in advance; and interest will be invariably charged upon all accounts from the time they are due until paid.

Advertisements handed in without directions as to the number of insertions, will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements inserted for six or twelve months.

For announcing candidates \$3 00, invariably in advance.

For inserting circulars, &c., of candidates, 50 cents per square.

POSTAGE MUST BE PAID ON ALL LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.



#### POETRY.

##### The "Irish Volunteer's" last Gift.

Come here awhile, my gallant boy,  
And let me gaze upon thy brow—  
As thou hast been my bosom's joy,  
My choicest gift I leave thee now,  
Fit heirloom for the brave and true,  
It is the sword of "eighty-two."

When first I saw its naked edge,  
And gazed upon its studded hilt,  
My country heard my solemn pledge,  
To point it at the Saxon's guilt;  
And wave it in the holy cause,  
Of right against oppressive laws.

When vengeance called it never spared,  
When mercy cried, it struck no blow—  
And yet, my surety was never barred,  
Unless before our freedom's foe;  
And then, my boy, 'twas sure to clear  
A pathway for the volunteer.

Accept it then—'twill be to thee  
A loved memorial of thy sire;  
And know my gallant boy from me,  
That 'tis my bosom's last desire  
That native swords may soon renew  
The glorious scenes of "eighty-two."

#### Time.

There is a silent river,  
The falling river, Time;  
In summer's misty blushes,  
In hoary winter's prime,  
It floweth, floweth, floweth,  
In whatsoever clime.

And well-trimmed barks are sailing,  
Upon its silent tide;  
With golden treasures laden,  
The little vessels glide;  
And Faith, and Love, and Action,  
And Hope, are side by side.

And, O! a host of others,  
Compose the little fleet.  
Now soon the waves are heaving,  
Now wide the waters beat;  
Gray mists steal o'er the waters—  
The mournful mists of Fate.

The polar star grows dimmer;  
The scattered vessels driven  
All wide in disappointment,  
Unto the waves are given;  
And Faith alone remaineth  
To bear the soul to heaven.

#### Miscellaneous.

##### Advertising.

A Parisian letter writer makes the following admirable remark on the necessity and benefit of advertising:

"I must here observe that nothing can be more strange than the ignorance prevailing in France as to the benefits of the advertising system—its saving of time—the means of intercourse it establishes—how it ministers to the wants of the consumer as well as to those of the producer. In fact, that in trade and commercial enterprises, the advertisement is the telegraph of society, and one of the most indispensable comforts and necessities of industrious nations."

France is not the only part of the world in which business men save a way and lose a pound, by failing to advertise. But the shrewd business man of our cities generally understands the advantages to be derived from it. Using, and thousands of wealthy merchants and tradesmen could be found in New York and Boston, who, if asked the secret of their success in business, would reply that, next to the strict attention which they give to their business, they attributed their success more to advertising than to anything else. Nor are the benefits of advertising confined, as many erroneously believe, to large towns. It seems too clear to admit of argument, that whatever gives greater publicity to one's business, will naturally increase the chances for business—in other words, the amount and value of the business done will, as a general rule, de-

pend very much on the number of customers,—but the certain tendency of advertising is to increase this number. The merchant or tradesman who has an extensive acquaintance where he does business, enjoys a very decided advantage over the stranger. But the stranger who advertises his business freely, will soon enlarge the sphere of his acquaintance, and will thus gradually add to his list of customers.

We know of but one class of business men who have no need of advertising,—they are those who already have business enough,—all who wish to increase their business should certainly advertise.

#### Paul Jones.

The subjoined extract is from a review of the life of Paul Jones, in the American Review, for September, by T. J. Headley, the author of Napoleon and his Marshalls: "Stretching along the English coast, Jones cruised about for awhile, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance, making, with the Richard, four ships, he stood to the north; when on the afternoon of September 23d. 1779, he was a fleet of forty-one sail hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the command of the Serapis, of forty-one guns, and the Countess of Scarborough of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protection of a fort, while the two war ships advanced to the conflict. It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea, and all was smiling and tranquil on land as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The piers of Scarborough were crowded with spectators, while the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle; those bold ships with their sails all set moving sternly up to each other. At length the cloudless sun sunk behind the hills, and twilight depended over the waves. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disc above the horizon, and shed a flood of light over the tranquil water, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gently moving clouds on the deep. The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range withdrew, and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now in his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half worn out merchantman closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Capt. Pearson hailed him with "What ship is that?"

"I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rung back answer immediately or I shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer, and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides. Two of the three old eighteen pounders of the Richard burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning. The broadsides now became rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore. The flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke that hung around the vessels, followed by the roar that shook the coast, while the dim moonlight, serving to but half reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving alongside of each other, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing the bow and now passing the stern, pouring in each turn a terrible broadside, that made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and maneuvering they kept onward, until at length the Richard got foul of the Serapis, and Jones gave orders to board.—His men were repulsed, and Capt. Pearson hailed him to know if he had struck. I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones; and backing his topsails, while the Serapis kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw that this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority of the enemy in weight of metal gave him great advantage in this broadside to broadside firing; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every timber in that of his antagonist was new and staunch; and so he determined to throw himself abroad of the enemy. In doing this he fell off farther than he intended, and his vessel catching a moment by the jib-boom of the Serapis carried it away, and the two ships swung broadside to broadside, the muzzles of the guns touching each other. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together; and in his eagerness to secure them helped; with his own hands, to tie the lashings. Capt. Pearson did not like this

close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clamped in the embrace of death, for, added to all the lashings, the anchor of the Serapis had hooked the quarter of the Richard, so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific; the guns touched muzzles—and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman nor fought such a battle. The numbers rent at every explosion, and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heavier guns burst and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns; and blackened with powder and smoke moved about among his men with the stern expression never to yield, written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns, he had to discharge his own with greater rapidity, so that after a short time they became so hot that they bounded like mail creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge the gallant ship trembled like a suitor on a kelson to cross-trees, and keeled over till her yard arms almost swept the water. In the meantime his top men did terrible execution. Ten times was the Serapis on fire, and as often the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver heart opposed him. At this junction the Alliance came up, and instead of pointing his broadsides into the Serapis, hurried them against the Poor Richard—now poor indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner and carpenter both rushed up, declaring the ship was sinking. The shots the Richard had received between wind and water had already sunk below the surface, and the water was pouring in like a stream. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter for God's sake, quarter!" Keeping up this cry, Jones hurled his pistol, which he had just fired at the enemy, at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson hailed to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones with a "No!" accompanied with an emphatic phrase that told that the latter, with his colors flying would go down, if he could do no better. The master-at-arms, hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to bottom, released a hundred English prisoners into the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the Richard was sinking, and if he would hold out a few moments longer she must go down.—Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment; while every battery silenced, except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship gradually swelling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swimming his deck, and his own consort raking him with her broadsides, his last hope seemed about to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, telling them that if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus making panic fight panic, he continued the conflict. The spectacle at this moment was awful, both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The flames shot heavenward around the masts of the Serapis, and at length, at half past ten, she struck. For a time, the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yardarm and yardarm of each other continued, and nothing but the courage and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned, the Bon Homme Richard presented a most deplorable spectacle—she lay a perfect wreck on the sea, riddled through, and literally stove to pieces. There were six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her—she swayed from side to side like a dying man—then gave a lurch forward and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart saw her last mist disappear, and the eddying waves close with a rushing sound over her as she sunk with the dead who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Captain Pearson was made a knight for the bravery with which he had defended his ship—what honor then did Jones deserve?

#### The Death of Duroc.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Napoleon's greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break through the ranks of his enemy, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movement of his army, one of his escorts was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc fate is determined to have one of us to day." Soon after as he was riding with his suit in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball snow a tree beside him, and glanced and struck Gen. Kirgenar. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite, four abreast behind him. The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised around them, prevented him at first from knowing who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgenar was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted and gazed long & sternly on the battery from whence the shot was fired, then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

Duroc was the grand marshal of the palace and a bosom friend of the emperor. Of noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all that knew him. There was a gentleness about him and purity of feeling the life of camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved for through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had ever found his affection and truth the same—and it was with an anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay; his eyes filled with tears as he asked if there was hope. When told that there was none, he advanced to the bed side without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "My whole life has been consecrated to your service and now my only regret is that I can be no longer useful to you."—"Duroc!" replied Napoleon with a voice choked with grief, "there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again." "Yes sire," replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall pass away, when you shall have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of your country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added, with faltering voice, "I have a daughter—your majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down by the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained a quarter of an hour with closed eyes in profound silence.—Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sire leave me; this spectacle pains you."—"The stricken Emperor rose leaning on the arms of his equestrian and Marshal Soult, left the apartment saying in heart-rending tones, as he went, "Farewell, then, my friend!"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victory, trophies, prisoners and all sunk into utter uselessness, and as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army and the great interest at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and entering it passed the night in inconsolable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual around him, and the fierce tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of the artillery wagons in the distance, and the subdued yet confused sounds of a mighty host about to slumber, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon with his gray great coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all buried in profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chiefman only shook his head, exclaiming, "Everything to-morrow!" and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern man! The magnificent spectacle of that day had passed, the glorious victories he had won, were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friend before him. No sob escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and at length, then rose above the hills, bathing her soft beams the tented host, while flames from burning villages in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom—and all was sad, mournful yet sublime. There was a dark cottage with the sentinels at the door in which Duroc lay dying; and there, too was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and the bowed form of the Emperor. Around it at a distance, stood the square of the Old Guard, and nearby, a group of chiefs, and over all lay the moonlight. Those brave soldiers filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down by such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At

length, to break the way to express the sympathy speak, the band struck dying march. The arose and fell in prolon field, and swept in softness car of the fainting warrior—but poleon moved not. They then change measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes till the heavens rung with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eyes kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more his life was throbbing its last pulsation. "Woe is mine for a painter, and what enology on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart which the enemy of the world could not shake, nor the terrors of the battlefield move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insult of his, at last, victorious enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and soldiers ever loved a leader so?"

#### Facts in Natural History.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES.

I mention these facts only in the hope of showing that there is pleasure in studying the sciences, and when we come to natural history we shall find the study of that still more amusing. The animal and vegetable worlds are well worthy of observation. Probably you all know what is meant by cycloid. If we make a spot on the periphery of a wheel, travelling on a plane, the figure which that spot describes is a cycloid. Now there is no figure in which a body can be moved with so much velocity and such regularity of speed, not even the straight line. Mathematicians discovered this not many years ago; but nature's God taught it to the eagle before mathematicians were invented; and when the eagle pounces on his prey, he describes the figure of a cycloid. A globe placed in water, or in air, in moving meets with resistance, and its velocity will be retarded. If you alter the globe to the form of an egg there will be less resistance. And then there is a form called the solid of least resistance, which mathematicians studied for many years to discover and when they had discovered, found they had the form of a fish. Nature had "figured" out the fish's head just such a figure.

The feathers of birds, and each particular part of them are arranged at such angle as to be most efficient in assisting flight.—The human eye has a mirror, on which objects are reflected, and a nerve by which these reflections are conveyed to the brain, and thus we are enabled to take an interest in the objects which pass before the eye. Now, when the eye is too convex, we use one kind of glasses to correct the fault; and if it be not convex enough, or if we wish to look at objects at a different distance we use glasses of entirely a different description.

But as birds cannot get spectacles, Providence has given them a method of supplying the deficiency. They have the power of contracting the eye, of making more convex, so as to see the specks which float in the atmosphere, and catch them for food; and also of flattening the eye, to see a great distance, and observe whether any culture or other enemy is threatening to destroy them. In addition to this they have a film, or coating which can suddenly be thrown down over the eye to protect it; because at the velocity at which they fly, and with the delicate texture of their eye the least speck of dust would act upon it as a penknife thrust into the human eye. The film is to protect the eye, and at the same time it exists to some extent in the eye of the horse. The horse has a large eye, very liable to take dust. This coating in the horse's eye, is called the haw, or third eyelid, and if you will watch closely, you may see it descend with electric velocity. It clears away the dust and protects the eye from injury. If the eye should catch cold, the haw hardens and projects, an ignorant person cut it off & thus destroy this safeguard.

In this way are the principles of science applied to almost every thing. You wish to know how to pack the largest bulk in the smallest space. The forms of cylinders leave large spaces between them. Mathematicians labored for a long time to find what figure could be used so as to lose no space; and at last found that it was the six-sided figure, and also that three planes ending in a point formed the strongest roof or floor. The honey bee discovered the same things a good many years ago.—Honeycomb is made up of six sided figures, and the roof is built with three plane surfaces coming to a point.

If a flexible vessel be emptied of air, its sides will be almost crushed together by the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. And if a tube partly filled with fluid be emptied of its air, the fluid will rise to the top. The bee understands this; and when he comes to the tall honey-suckle and finds that he cannot reach the sweet matter at its bottom, he thrusts in his body, shuts up the flower, and then exhausts the air, and so possesses himself the dust and honey of the flower. The feet of flies and lizards, are constructed on a similar principle, and they stick with ease on glass or ceiling. Their

length, to break the way to express the sympathy speak, the band struck dying march. The arose and fell in prolon field, and swept in softness car of the fainting warrior—but poleon moved not. They then change measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes till the heavens rung with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eyes kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more his life was throbbing its last pulsation. "Woe is mine for a painter, and what enology on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart which the enemy of the world could not shake, nor the terrors of the battlefield move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insult of his, at last, victorious enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and soldiers ever loved a leader so?"

We cannot alter the nature by changing its food. It will the family. In this particular ter instructed. When they lose bee—which is an entirely different. From the working bee—if you present another to them within twenty-four hours, they will neither accept nor obey her. They prefer taking an ordinary grub, before it has become a queen, and feeding it with a particular food and treating it in a peculiar way; and when it leaves the grub state it becomes a queen bee, and they always suffer themselves to be governed by her. The habits of ants are extremely curious. We all have heard of ant houses, sometimes twenty feet in diameter, filled with halls & rooms of great size and strength. These and beaver dams, are constructed upon strictly mechanical principles.

In some insect species the males have wings while the females have none. This is the case with a glow worm, and the females have the property of emitting a phosphorescent light, were it not for this the gentleman glow worm would never find the way to his lady's chamber. The ostrich, like the cherubim, is not provided with the means of sitting down. She cannot therefore hatch her eggs, but buries them in the hot sand, and leaves nature to hatch them for her. Some birds build 'no nests'; like the deposits her eggs in the nest at she knows enough always nest of birds, that have bills down, for then she is assuredly will have the same kind of food as she herself would procure.

[Knickerbocker Magazine.]

**White Indians.**  
Scenes in the Rocky Mountains, in Oregon, California, &c., by a New Englander, has just been published. This book is composed of the notes of a Traveller during an excursion of three years, with a description of the countries through which he passed, including their Geography, Geology, Resources, &c.

While the writer was at Utah, a trapping party from Gila arrived at that post, who gave the following description of a small tribe of White Indians called the Munchies:

The Munchies are a nation of white aborigines, actually existing in a valley among the Sierra de los Mimbs chain, upon one of the affluents of the Gila, in the extreme northwestern part of the province of Sonora.

Their number in all about eight hundred. Their country is surrounded by lofty mountains at nearly every point, and it is well watered and very fertile, though of limited extent. Their dwellings are spacious apartments neatly excavated in the hill sides, and are frequently cut in solid rock.

They subsist by agriculture, and raise cattle horses and sheep. Their features correspond with those of the Europeans, though with a complexion somewhat fairer, and a form equal if not more graceful.

Among them are many of the arts and comforts of civilized life. They spin and weave, and manufacture butter and cheese with many of the luxuries known to more enlightened nations.

Their political economy though much after the patriarchal order, is purely republican in its character.—The old men exercise the supreme control in the enactment and execution of laws. These laws are usually of simple form, and tend to promote the general welfare of the community.—They are made by a concurrent majority of the seniors in council—each male individual over a specified age, being allowed a voice and a vote.

Questions of right and wrong are heard and adjudged by a committee selected from the council of seniors who are likewise empowered to redress the injured and pass sentence upon the criminal. In morals they are represented as honest and virtuous. In religion they differ but little from other Indians.

They are strictly men of peace, and never go to war, nor even, as a common thing oppose resistance to the hostile incursions of surrounding nations. On the appearance of an enemy, they immediately retreat, with their cattle, horses, sheep and other valuables, to mountain caverns, situated at all times for their reception—where by barricading the entrances, they are at once secure without a resort to arms.



igin they have lost all knowledge or even tradition, (a thing not likely to have happened had they been the progeny of Europeans at any late period—that is since the time of Columbus,) neither do their characters, customs, arts, government savor of modern Europe. Could a party or colony of Europeans in the short period of three centuries and a half lose all trace of their origin, religion, habits, arts, civilization and government? Certain an

The election for Major General, in this county, so far as heard from, stands as follows: Huey, 292 Dawson, 133 Watson, 87 Bryan, 2 There yet remain eight precincts to hear from, and it is thought they will greatly increase Huey's majority.

#### For the Republic, Jacksonville.

year, the citizens of Jacksonville certainly afforded an educational point of view superior to those of many places, equally as large. Nor was it the case who desired, have had daughters instructed on the Piano, by a competent teacher. It seems that we are likely to be equally favored the ensuing year. In addition to the teachers now here, Mr. James M. Durt, who formerly taught amongst us, has signified his intention of returning for the purpose of resuming his labors here, in directing the young mind how to shoot.

Jacksonville is certainly a desirable location for schools. The place is healthy, is abundantly supplied with excellent spring water, and enjoys a mountain scenery, by no means unimportant. Let all unite in one general effort, to build up our schools, and place them on permanent foundations. Let this be done, and then may we expect to behold the fruits of our efforts in after years, in the mental development, the dignity, and moral tone of the rising generation. Can any one be indifferent on this all important subject. A CITIZEN.

From the Montgomery Advertiser Extra of November 23, 1816.

#### LATEST NEWS FROM MEXICO. Tampico Taken!

##### TABASCO BOMBARDED. Mexican Letters of Marque.

The news from Mexico for the last few days is deeply interesting. It appears that the British steamer from Vera Cruz, the "Tay," carried to Havana three hundred letters of marque, with naturalization papers conferring the rights and privileges on all who would sail under them. This news was sent from an authentic source at Mexico by an express, and information has also been received from Havana that the letters of marque had arrived there.

An expedition under Commodore Perry, was sent against Tabasco the 17th ult., consisting of the steamer Mississippi, having the schooners Reefer, Bonita and Nontia in tow, and the steamer Vixen and cutters McLane and Forward. The town of Tabasco is situated about 70 miles up the river Tabasco, at the mouth of which is the little town of Frontera. After crossing the bar, the 23d ult., the vessels took two small merchant steamers, the Petrita and the Tana. The little town surrendered resistance, and the next morning the expedition proceeded up the river. Having arrived opposite the town of Tabasco the 25th, a flag was sent on shore demanding a surrender, to which the Governor replied, "Never;" they opened their whole fire on the town. A flag of truce was soon seen on shore, a boat was sent, which brought to Commodore Perry two or three of the old men of the town, who told them that the inhabitants were anxious to surrender, but that the Governor, who had some 200 soldiers with him, would not let them, and they begged him not to destroy the town. The Commodore then sent about 200 men on shore, who, while landing and forming, were fired on from some houses near. When the men had formed and were about to march, orders came for them to re-embark, which they did. The ships then opened their fire on the town, which they renewed again next morning. As the streets ran at right angles from the river, they raked each street as they passed with their shot. They returned down the river to Frontera, the 27th, bringing as prizes 1 brig, 2 steamers, 5 schooners, 1 ship and some hookers, barges, &c. The 1st sustained is said to be one officer, Lieutenant Morris, wounded, since died, two men killed and 5 or 6 wounded.

Commodore Connor ordered an expedition against Tampico on the 11th inst., to consist of frigates Raritan and Potomac, steamers Princeton, Mississippi, Vixen and Spittfire, schooners Reefer, Bonita and Nontia, and gun-boat Petrel. Since the expedition, the Mississippi, Commodore Perry, arrived at the Southwest Pass, and the Commodore came up to New Orleans.

Tampico surrendered without firing a shot. The garrison had previously fled, by express orders from Santa Anna, falling back on San Luis Potosi, and taking all their cannon, &c.

Santa Anna is determined to have his troops no longer cut up in detail, and is therefore concentrating a large force at San Luis for a bold fight; hence the withdrawal of the garrison of Tampico.

We gather the above particulars from the New Orleans Picayune extras.

The Mexican papers are filled with details of domestic affairs and preparations for a continuance of the contest. Every defeat only seems to embitter them the more and increase their determination to fight it out. It is evident that the spirit of the people is roused and all they require is a set of good officers to make them good soldiers.

Santa Anna, in a late address to the country from San Luis Potosi, endeavors to heal all party divisions, and for himself renounces all political office. He will accept of no pay for his services in the war. Nearly all parties, particularly his former enemies, the extreme Federalists, appeal to him to assume the supreme power.

The Vera Cruz papers speak of an American brig, containing stores for the navy, ashore near Anton Lizardo, and another

vessel ashore to the south of San Juan D' Ulla. They say that despatches had been received by the Captain General of Vera Cruz, the 5th inst., covering despatches from the United States Secretary of State, directed to the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs—contents unknown.

The Mexican Courier who was the bearer of the mail, that was intercepted by the Mexicans, was shot by order of Ampudia.

A letter from San Luis states, the 25th ult., that there were then 15,000 troops there, and that in 15 days more it thought there would be 30,000.

Santa Anna has arrested and ordered for court martial two general officers, Jauregui and Ramirez, two Colonels, Carrasco and Enciso, two Lieutenant Colonels, Castro and Fernandez, the commanders of squadrons, Landeros and Ramirez, and first Adjutant Mariano Huerta, of the San Luis Battalion. The charge is cowardice at Monterey.

A decree has been issued ordering all who have arms to bring them in for the use of the government, and other details are given, showing the present exertions of the government for defense.

All Anglo Americans are ordered to leave the State of San Luis Potosi, giving them three days to leave, from the 21st ult.

The State of Guanajuato had raised and equipped 6,000 men to march under Gen. Valencia to join the army at San Luis, besides contributing very liberally to the war. The division of troops that defeated Generalajara against Parades had left, the 11th ult., for San Luis.

The elections to Congress were taking place. Among the names mentioned as elected we see that of Ex President Herrera, who headed the revolution against Santa Anna, a year or so ago.

A large body of Indians, about 2,000 have passed through Chihuahua into Durango, and it was feared they would enter Zacatecas. A body of 500 horse left Zacatecas, the 22d ult., to repel them. The ravages they had committed are given in detail.

News to the 11th from Mazatlan had been received. An English vessel had arrived there, and stated that the possession of California by the Americans was not peaceable. That an insurrection had taken place at Los Angeles, but was put down at once, the leader of the insurgents and some of his men being killed, and many wounded. The squadron of occupation had too great a length of coast to blockade to do it effectually.

Mr. Gasquet, the French Consul, was arrested for protesting against the occupation of California, and was still kept under surveillance. An English vessel had started for the Marquesas, to carry the news to the French ships there.

It was reported that the United States ship Cyane had attempted to cut out the brig Condor, anchored in the bay of Guaymas. The crew of the brig having advice of her intention made preparations for defense. They posted a piece of artillery on shore commanding the approach to the brig, and with the assistance of two gun boats waited for the advance of our men. Four boats carrying 80 men did approach, but finding the preparations too strong and the fire too heavy, had to retire.—The Cyane, in the mean time, bombarded the town, but did not do much damage.

There was only one U. S. vessel at Mazatlan, but the inhabitants were expecting others with a reinforcement to land and attack the place. Many were accordingly leaving and removing their property.

When the U. S. Squadron arrived at Tampico, about 400 marines were landed and possession taken of the city without opposition. Commodore Perry was immediately despatched with the Mississippi for New Orleans for a battery to enable them to hold the place. He called by Brasas Santiago and sent to Gen. Patterson for reinforcements to up a garrison, and then sailed for New Orleans.—He arrived there the 29th inst., and as soon as he communicated the object of his arrival, Gen. Johnson immediately ordered on the part of the State of Louisiana, 3,9 lbs. pieces and 6 6 lbs. pieces with 100 rounds for each piece, and 50 rounds of grape.

Commodore Perry left next day with the above pieces and 50 men of the 1st infantry. One hundred more recruits for the 1st and 2d infantry and four companies of the rifles were hourly expected in the city and were to be despatched by order of Gen. Brooke. About 600 men altogether would be sent from the city. Reinforcements will also be sent from the Rio Grande and it was thought that Gen. Patterson would take command of the troops ordered there.

We presume that the new regiments ordered out will rendezvous at Tampico, forming in all, probably, 12,000 men, which would enable Gen. Patterson to advance towards San Luis with 10,000 leaving 2,000 to garrison the town. Commodore Perry, before leaving, ordered some heavy guns and ammunition from Baton Rouge.

What the character of the future operations of the army is to be we cannot say. We know, however, that Gen. Taylor is concentrating a considerable body of men at Monterey, & that Gen. Wool is advancing to join him with a part of his forces, at least. Gen. Taylor will be able to assemble from twelve to fifteen thousand men there, and should he find it feasible and in accordance with whatever plan may have been laid down to advance to San Luis, he may be able to appear before that place after a junction with Gen. Patterson and his force, with perhaps from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, where he will find Santa Anna with thirty thousand men and a large and populous city to support him.—Should this meeting take place, which can hardly be sooner than February next, the bloodiest and most important battle that ever was fought on this continent will take place.

#### Tampico to be Fortified.

It was Commodore Connor, and not Com. Perry, who commanded at the taking of Tampico. The latter gentleman left New Orleans on Saturday in the steamerboat Patrick Henry for Tampico. The Delta says he took with him eight splendid brass pieces of artillery, six 6-pounders and two howitzers, the guns used by the artillery battalion of that city, with about 200 rounds of ammunition to each piece. The guns and munitions were promptly placed at the disposal of the Commodore by Governor Johnson, who applied for. About 50 U. S. recruits, under the command of Capt. Crittenden, embarked on the same boat for Tampico, and are to be followed in a few days by 400 mounted riflemen, expected hourly to arrive in New Orleans by way of the river.

Capt. Bernard, of the Engineer department, also left in the same boat, to superintend the work at Tampico.

Another descent, it is reported, will soon be made on Alvarado.

The Picayune says of the taking of Tampico:

"From the active and vigorous steps taken to fortify the American possession of Tampico, it may be reasonably inferred that that point will become the basis of future operations against the interior of Mexico. Com. Perry left the city yesterday with a detachment of fifty men, under Lieut. Crittenden, of the 1st Infantry, and the guns and munitions of war belonging to the State of Louisiana, which were tendered for the use of the United States by Gov. Johnson. Gen. Brooke is prepared to take the responsibility of despatching to Tampico any amount of troops that may be deemed necessary to its defense, and Gen. Jessup is furthering this important object with alacrity in his department. In a very short time there will have been sent from this point about six hundred effective men to garrison the captured city, and it is probable that additional assistance can be got from the Brasas and the camps along the line of the Rio Grande."

From this it appears that Tampico is to be the basis of some important operations.—Perhaps, thus—Santa Anna seems to be concentrating all the available Mexican forces at San Luis Potosi; probably, in the expectation that no invasion of the interior will be made, except by the Monterey road. At San Luis he will be prepared to defeat Gen. Taylor, unless the latter receive strong reinforcements. By a march from Tampico towards the city of Mexico a division in favor of Gen. Taylor would be made, and Santa Anna's plans thus confused and his army divided, might be very readily defeated. Otherwise we have some apprehensions of a battle at San Luis—although we suspect Gen. Taylor has no order or intention to go far beyond Salkillo.

#### Letter from Havana.

The brig Tit arrived at New Orleans on Saturday with advices from Havana as late as the 13th.

The effect of the recent hurricane on the sugar crop is variously stated. Some say it will have little or no effect; others that it will yield from 20 to 30 per cent loss.

The Tit reports that nothing has been done as yet under the letter of marque and naturalization which Mexico has sent there for sale. From a very interesting commercial circular of the 12th inst., (says the Picayune,) we extract a paragraph touching these letters:

"[No. 11441]. We understand letters of marque have been received here from Mexico, and letters of naturalization likewise, for sale. In the printed instructions attached to the letters of marque, it is stated that captures are to be taken to Mexican ports, but it is that is not practicable, they are to be carried to neutral ports and will there be condemned by the Mexican consul. We believe, however, that by the treaties between the United States and Spain, the latter power can neither allow privateers to be fitted out, in any of her ports, nor allow American vessels captured and brought in, to be condemned and we have good grounds for the conviction that our Government will faithfully adhere to those treaties. We suppose other governments at peace with the United States will act on the same principles; and if so, privateering enterprises will be rendered difficult besides which, the fear of being treated as pirates by the American vessels of war is likely to deter persons from entering into them."

#### Reported Surrender of Chihuahua.

The Lexington, Missouri, Express, of the 31st inst., says—"A gentleman of this city informs us that he perused a letter a few days since, which had been received in Campbell, giving the particulars of the surrender of Chihuahua to the French under Gen. Wool.—The story it seems, entered the city without resistance, the American flag was saluted by the citizens, and after a few hours had elapsed, the American officers were invited to partake of a splendid dinner, which had been prepared for them by the Chihuahuans.—That we should say, was rather a new mode of capturing an enemy's town."

#### The sickness among the Volunteers.

The details of the sickness and sufferings among the volunteers on the Rio Grande, are pitiable, heart rending, and long. Of this we are able to give some evidence, and a number of extracts from a letter of Adj. E. C. Smith, dated the 10th ult., and published in the Columbus Times:— "I left our sick at Matamoros yesterday. It makes me heartily sick to witness the sufferings of these poor fellows. In camp, you must know, few of the volunteers consider themselves entitled to a home on the bank. A new gun sick, and he is carried to the hospital with his blanket and his knapsack. Bed and bedding there are none, and as the country is entirely destitute of lumber, beds are not to be had. A blanket and the ground is therefore the couch upon which the volunteer lies sick, and dies if he does not recover. If the sick some blanket, some his winding sheet and coffin, please is not to be had. The Quartermaster at Matamoros told me in answer to an application for a coffin, that every foot of plank and every old gun box that was to be found had been worked up for the purpose, and that all the money in his department would not command a coffin."

Another sick youth on board excited my sympathies. He seemed to take a great fancy to me—he

would live near him, feel my flesh with his burning hands, (he has consumption) speak of his condition and his parents, and tell me how he could get well if he had such a man as myself to nurse him. Doctor Wright, the principal physician at Matamoros, promised me to take the best care of our sick, that the circumstances of the case would permit. There were 700 patients in the general hospital under his charge, but he would have furnished with beds, all who were very ill.

The loss of Monterey must be severely felt by the Mexicans. It was the place where the families for casting ordinance, muskets and balls were erected. The vicinity contains the rich copper mines, from which balls were made, that proved so deadly in wounds. Previous to the late battle, the population of the town was about 12,000.—Tus. Monitor.

#### The Call for Troops.

The following are the places of rendezvous for the nine regiments called for by the Secretary of War:

- One Regiment of Infantry from Louisiana—N. Orleans, place of Rendezvous.
- One Regiment from Mississippi—rendezvous at Vicksburg.
- One Regiment from South Carolina—rendezvous at Charleston.
- One Regiment from North Carolina—rendezvous, Wilmington.
- One Regiment from Virginia—rendezvous, Guyanadotte.
- One Regiment from Pennsylvania—rendezvous, Pittsburgh.
- One Regiment from New York—rendezvous, New York City.
- One Regiment from Massachusetts—rendezvous, Boston.
- One Regiment from Texas—The governor is authorized to designate the place of rendezvous and report the same to General Taylor.

The troops are to serve during the war, and are estimated to amount to from 6,500 to 7,000.

This movement appears to be little in conformity with the policy, latterly assigned by the federal press, of "masterly inactivity."

[Union.]

#### From the Union.

##### Operations of Captain Fremont in Upper California.

Letter from Senator Benton to the President.

Sir: In the absence of official information on the subject of Lieutenant Colonel (then Captain) Fremont's operations of Upper California, I deem I have received from that officer, for the purpose of showing you his actual position at the latest dates; the unwelcome manner in which he became involved in hostilities with the Mexican authorities of that province, before he had heard of the war with Mexico; and especially to disprove the accusation, officially against him by Governor Castro, of having come into California with a body of United States troops, under the pretext of a scientific expedition, but in reality to excite the Americans, settled in that province to an insurrection against the Mexican government. This accusation is of the gravest character, most seriously implicating the good faith and honor of our government, and officially made by Governor Castro, in a despatch to the ministers of war and marine, under date of the first of April last, and published in *El Monitor Republicano*, in the city of Mexico, by the order of the Mexican government, on the 10th of May last. A copy of this paper was sent to Mrs. Fremont, my daughter, by the Hon. Mr. Silldell, and an English translation of it is herewith presented.

When Capt. Fremont left the United States to complete his scientific labors beyond the Rocky mountains, it was with a full knowledge of the political as well as personal difficulties of the enterprise. He knew that the relations of the United States were critical both with Mexico and Great Britain—that he was going through the territories of the one, and among the settlements of the other—that jealousy would attach to his movements; and all his acts be referred to his government;—and he was perfectly determined to use the utmost circumspection in all his conduct, confining himself wholly to his scientific pursuits, and carefully avoiding as well the appearance as the reality of either a political or military mission. With this view, and after having traversed the desert, and crossed the Great divide which lies between the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevada of the Alta California, he left his men upon the frontier, at a hundred miles from Monterey, and went alone to that city to explain his object and wishes in person to Gov. Castro. He did this in the most formal and official manner, in company with the United States Consul, Mr. O'Harkin, (at whose house he stopped); and, conforming to the whole detail of Spanish ceremonial, he not only called on the governor, but also on the perfect and the alcalde. The interview was entirely satisfactory. To the governor's remark that he was bringing a considerable body of United States troops with him, Capt. P. answered that it was not so—that he had no troops at all—only a few hired men for security against Indians, and killing game;—that he was not even an officer of the line, but of Topographical Engineers—and that he was seeking a new route (among other objects of science) to the mouth of the Columbia, upon a line further south than the present travelling route, and which had brought him through the unsettled parts of the Upper California; and that he now wished to winter in the valley of the San Joaquin, where there was game for his men, and grass for his horses. To this the governor agreed, and Captain Fremont left Monterey to bring his men to the beautiful valley which he had explored in his previous expedition, and to which both himself and his men looked forward as to a paradise of repose and refreshment, after their toilsome and perilous march of three thousand miles among savage tribes, and through wilderness and desert countries.

Scarcely had he arrived in this valley, when information began to reach him from all quarters that the governor was raising the province against him, and coming upon him with troops of all arms—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—and that his situation was most critical and dangerous. The consul sent a special messenger to warn him of

his danger; the American settlers below offered to join him; but he utterly refused their assistance, because he would not compromise them. But he did what honor and self-preservation required, and what the courage and fidelity of his men enthusiastically seconded; he took a position, and waited the approach of the assailants; and that position was nearer to them, on the summit of the Sierra, overlooking Monterey, at thirty miles distance, and whence, with their glasses, they could plainly see the troops, with their artillery, which had crossed the bay (of Monterey) to San Juan, on their way to attack him. The governor, with these troops, and with all his threats, after coming towards the camp on the Sierra, did not come to it; and Captain Fremont, faithful to his design to avoid collision, if possible, finding himself not attacked, determined to retire, and to proceed to Oregon, on his intended route of the valley of the Sacramento, the Tlamath lake, and the valley of the Wahlamath river. Accordingly, about the 10th of March, he left his position on the Sierra, descended into the valley of the San Joaquin, and commenced his march by slow and easy stages, of four and six miles a day, towards Oregon.

It is of this encampment on the Sierra that Governor Castro makes particular complaint in his despatch to the Minister of War and Marine, as an evidence of hostile intentions, and where the American flag was raised, and fortification built, and the American settlers called in for its defence. Unhappily we have no letter from Capt. Fremont detailing the events of these days; but the want of such a letter is well supplied by the official communications from the American consul at Monterey to our Secretary of State, and by Capt. Fremont's brief note to the consul, (written in pencil,) while expecting the attack of Gov. Castro, and which has been heretofore published in our papers. Mr. Buchanan furnished us, as soon as they were received, with copies of these despatches, which are herewith laid before you, and from which it will be seen that Governor Castro's accusations against Captain Fremont are entirely unfounded—that so far from having excited the Americans to revolt, he absolutely refused to receive those who offered to join him; and, more, that when after leaving this position, and granting discharges to five or six of his men, he refused to fill their places from the men in the country; so determined was he to proceed as well in appearance, as in fact, the smallest act offensive or injurious to the Mexican authorities. The same correspondence shows the entire falsehood of all the superlative gaseadade which Governor Castro put into his official report about the spurs of the camp—the dispersion of Fremont and his men—their flight into the bushes, and through the desert—his suffocation in the cradle of a dangerous conspiracy, &c., with all which imaginary exploits his official despatch was filled, while Fremont, with sixty-two men and two hundred horses, were slowly retiring in a body, almost in his view, and utterly abstaining from any act of offence to the province or its authorities. It was no doubt this false report to his government, and the *edificios* incurred by it in California, that led to his subsequent operations in May to exterminate Fremont's party, and all the American settlers on the Sacramento.

On return from the evacuated camp on the Sierra, the governor also put forth a proclamation, in the view of his report, and even worse, styling Fremont and his men a band of highway robbers, plundering the people, &c.; which accusation of plundering the consul took the trouble to investigate, and found to be a very trivial offence of some extent of law or morals) which the injured party valued five dollars, and for which Capt. Fremont gave ten. For the rest, the consul, after all this, declares the inhabitants of the country to be well pleased with Capt. Fremont, and that he might walk the streets of Monterey the next day alone, if he chose. The only truth in Governor Castro's despatch is, that Capt. Fremont took a military position, entrenched it, and raised the American flag; but these events were the consequence, and not the cause of Gov. Castro's movement against him; and this is fully shown in that brief, heroic note, written in pencil, in answer to the consul's warning, in which Capt. Fremont, after refusing the aid of the American settlers, declared for himself and his sixty-two men that they had done nothing wrong to the authorities or the people of the country—that if attacked they would defend themselves, and die to the last man under the flag of their country, and leave it to their country to avenge their deaths. All they did was in self defence. The flag was raised, not as a standard of insurrection, or as a sign of contempt to the Mexican Government, but as the American symbol of honor and patriotism, which was entitled to respect from others—to defence from them—and which they had displayed in that hour of danger as a warning to the approaching assailants—as a bond of union and devotion among themselves—and as an appeal and invocation (if they should be destroyed) to the avenging spirit of their far distant country. To my mind, this entrenching on the mountain, and raising the national flag, was entirely justifiable under the circumstances of the case, and the noble resolution which they took (refusing the aid of their countrymen) to die if attacked under the flag of their country, four thousand miles distant from their homes, was an act of the highest heroism, worthy to be recorded by Xenophon, and reflecting equal honor upon the brave young man who commanded and the heroic sixty-two by whom he was supported.

The first letter that we received from Captain Fremont after his withdrawal from the Sierra, and from the valley of the San Juan, is dated the first day of April, in latitude 40, on the Sacramento river; and though written merely to inform Mrs. Fremont of his personal concerns, becomes important in a public point of view on account of subsequent events in June and July, by showing that on the first of April he was on his way to Oregon—that he had abandoned







